

Zion's Herald.
PUBLISHED BY
WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.
A. S. WEED, Publisher.
HAROLD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Church are authorized agents for their
advertisements.

Jan. 1, 1880 price to all ministers \$1.00 per year.
Other subscribers \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

ZION'S HERALD

VOLUME LVIII.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

NUMBER 36.

THE COMET.

BY PROF. H. F. LEGGETT.

alone through the chartless seas she
sails,
There never a sail was unfurled,
She shook the reefs from her folded flame
For a cruise by many a world!

Through the measureless years her red lights
shone
To the nebulous whirlpool's spray,
The trackless surf of the stars far blown,
And the foam of the Milky Way!

As the drifting worlds caught her flaming
light,
Her banner above unrolled,
She ploughed her way with a tireless
flight
Till the cape of the sun's red gold!

Then gently she swept! How her head-lights
burned,

The sunward dip of her spars!
To the joy of the outward-bound she
steered—

Ship's fleet of the stars.
Ever on, O craft of the skies,
Through the infinite spheres,
To the utmost seas where the world-waves
rise,
In the cruise of the untold years!

IRISH OPPRESSION.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

I would be interesting to go

through English literature and gather

opinions of authors on Ireland and

Irish. They could be collected

the hundred. We give a few.

John Wesley made over thirty

years to Ireland, studied the people

especially, and read everything that

in his way pertained to their

history and condition. In 1749 he writes:

"Sixty-nine hundredths of the popula-

tion is Roman Catholic. The Prot-

ests are all transplanted from Eng-

" [Over 76 per cent. of the

share Romanists to-day.] "It is no

wonder," he says, "that those who

are born papists live and die such

Protestants can find no better

place to convert them than by penal

laws and acts of Parliament." In

he writes: "When the English

left Ireland, the Irish had no bene-

fit of the English laws. They could

not much as sue an Englishman."

Southern blacks could not testify

against a white man.] "The English

plundered and murdered them at

pleasure. Hence arose continual

strife between them for three hundred

and fifty years together." Describing

their habitations, he says: "No

one comes into the earth or straw-

cabin on the master and his cat-

er except at one hole which is, at

one window, chimney and door."

Rev. George W. Pepper, of the

North Ohio Conference, furnishes a

sum of personal observation, in a

new Western Advocate, on the

condition of Ireland and the Irish."

He gives the same picture of the

fallings of the Irishry of to-day,

pebbles and pigs" and children

swimming in the same mud hole! Yet,

the cruel process of "eviction,"

"5000 of these one-room mud hovels

were pulled down in twenty years ('41)

), rendering homeless and home-

less a million of people.

Dr. Johnson, in a Boswellian con-

versation, in 1779, when reference

is made to the prospective union of

Ireland with England, blurted out in

a loud way to his Irish interlocutor,

"Don't make a union with us, sir;

"Should only unite with you to rob

"you."

Macaulay, speaking of the times of

James II., says: "Ireland was gov-

erned as a dependency won by the

word." Again: "The 17th century

is, in that unhappy country, left to

with a fatal heritage of malignant

passions."

"The Irish statute book

polluted by an intolerance as bad

that of the Dark Ages." "The

Irish in that land is not persecuted

as a Roman Catholic, but oppressed

as an Irishman." Much more of the

same tenor might be quoted from

Macaulay.

Greene, in his "Short History of

the English People," devotes a chap-

ter to the early history and final con-

quest of Ireland — 1588 to 1610.

He says: "Had the Irish driven

the invaders into the sea, or the

English succeeded in the com-

plete conquest of Ireland, the misery

of its after-history might have been

lessened."

"The country was broken

into two halves whose conflict has

never ceased."

"All the lawlessness,

treachery, the narrowness of feudal

feudalism broke out unchecked in the horde

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THE MORMON CITY.

BY REV. G. W. WOODRUFF, D. D.

I have just given a week to Salt Lake City, the stronghold of Mormonism, and though so few days gave me no fair opportunity to search much into the tangled problem of Mormonism itself, I obtained a fair view of the outside of things. I had had the impression that this city held pretty much all the Mormons in the country, but I found that I was greatly mistaken. There are only twenty thousand of the "Saints" in Salt Lake, while there are more than one hundred and fifty thousand Mormons in Utah and in the adjacent regions. Salt Lake City is simply their centre — a powerful centre, to be sure, but only a centre. The policy of the "Latter Day Saints" (as they prefer to be called) is to spread themselves all through the rural districts. This Salt Lake City has about five thousand Saints, a good sprinkling of whom are Jews (this being the only place in the world where a Jew is a Gentile).

Nevertheless, the whole place is the Mormon. An air of dreadful churchism stifles you. Even the liquor shops have the Mormon look, and I was told that one of the large drinking places had the usual motto of the church over its door, "Holiness unto the Lord." I saw over one immense liquor shop the sign, "Life is too short to quarrel about religion." The city is very beautiful for situation. It is built on a wide plateau with charming mountain backgrounds, and, approached from any side, makes a lovely picture. It is only about thirty years that these misguided sectaries have had this wilderness in hand, and they have made it blossom like the rose. There is no city in this country where the original settlers have shown more intelligence in planning for broad streets and elegant avenues. Everything seems to have been laid out with reference to a future of prosperous growth. Shaded trees line every street, and aqueducts of pure water running by the sidewalks, kept so clean and sweet that people frequently drink from them, give delightful tone and character to their highways. Dust is the only drawback to the comfort of the city.

This great afternoon service is the only general service the Mormons have on Sunday. They have twenty-one small churches scattered over the city, one for each ward, and in the morning Sabbath-schools are held in each of the chapels, and in the evening there are religious services of one sort and another, presided over by their bishops. They have twenty-one bishops in this city, and I understand that when our sensitive Bishop Foster visited Salt Lake he found bishops so common that he became quite disgusted with the idea of being a bishop himself. These Mormon bishops are not preachers (that is to say, that is not their chief work; all Mormons are preachers); they are rather overseers of the people in their ward; they are a sort of spiritual aldermen; they look after things, they settle disputes, they are kind of subordinate judges, and as far from the ordinary idea of a bishop as possible.

There is one thing that must always impress a stranger when he stands in the presence of Mormonism: The Mormons try to veil everything! They are not open in their manners and statements. You never see a Mormon parade his wives. He never rides out or walks out with his three or four wives. His twenty children never follow him down to the shops. He never sits in an evening in his own door with half a dozen families around him on the veranda — nothing of that; everything is veiled. Nor will either the men or the women talk freely about their peculiar institution. I met but one exception, and he was an old man of seventy, who rode on the train with me as I left Salt Lake. He boasted of seven wives and forty children and a hundred grandchildren. In the midst of this boast we passed one of those hot sulphur springs common to Utah, and the stifling perfume filled the cars and made wonder whether our next station might not be a place more dreadful than I would like to mention. My heart grew sick at his horrible boasting.

I had several interesting interviews with Mr. Taylor, the president of the church, and with other leading men of Mormonism, and was treated very courteously by them all. The Mormon leaders are shrewd men, but I came away from Salt Lake City feeling that I had seen the religious monstrosity of this age and the wretched ulcer of our republic. I believe that many of the Mormon people are sincere, good people; that especially the women of Mormonism are conscientiously deluded. I saw it in their vacant, sad faces. There are no bright, handsome Mormon women seen on the streets or in the great public services. They all look anxious and worn. I am not wise enough to say

rentage, incompetency and poverty, she writhes, a helpless Laocoon, in the pitiless folds of monsters that crush her limbs, poison her circulation, and suck her life away! God pity her!

LEAVING THE CHURCHES.

what the Government ought to do. We must be careful not to make martyrs of the Mormons; they thrive on martyrdom; but we must protect this nation against polygamy. We must make these hundred and fifty thousand people respect the American idea of marriage. Of course it would be a treason to morality ever to admit Utah as a State until she is entirely free of this crime, and I am also certain that the laws of the Territory should be rigorously administered against polygamy. Polygamous Mormonism has its root in sin, and no religious pretense should protect it.

and insisted on closing the church for a month; but one of the class-meeting attending brothers asked the poor privilege of having the church left open, and he would try himself, to get preachers to fill the pulpit. I can see a dozen churches from my door which are closed.

One of them put a sign over the entrance, which reads, "No services or Sunday-school in this house during the hot season." Some one, after reading the sign, has gone around the door, with the inscription underneath, "It is not too hot here for me." I visited one of the large churches, last Sunday, which ordinarily reports an attendance of eight hundred or a thousand persons. They were served by a "supper," at an unusual hour, and certainly there were not one hundred persons present. These "supplies" preach on the Sabbath, and then they are gone; but week before last there were two hundred and thirty deaths in Boston, and last week about two hundred and twenty. The camp-meetings were in session, and I found I was the only Methodist pastor in Boston. I had two, three and four funerals a day, and in every instance the persons buried were strangers to me. In some instances I could not reach all of them, even when doing without my dinner. I have heard of several burials where no minister could be found. The papers this week announced that there were no ministers in Taunton, and two funerals were waiting for clergymen who had been telegraphed to attend them, but who were delayed in getting there. "My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

I know the apologies which are offered for this state of affairs. I am not excluding myself nor my congregation from complicity in the whole matter. But the excuse that the people are away, is *futile*. Business goes on as usual. The camp-meetings are not crowded with city people. Several of them have been compelled, by the votes of preachers' meetings and Conferences, to close on the only day when great crowds of people were there. One of the associations, near Boston, which had been thus induced, the present year, to close on Saturday, had a resolution offered in the annual meeting, saying, "Whereas, this camp-meeting has been a financial and moral failure, therefore resolved that next year we hold over the Sunday."

The fact is apparent: The people are leaving the churches, and we ministers and churches are putting a premium on the practice. Churches closed at home, camp-meetings closed away from home, are the people to go except to the summer gardens, down the harbor, or on other excursions along the seashore and into the mountains? Said a worldly man to me, the other day, "You men only run the churches when it pays to run them; they are not run for the convenience and need of the people any longer."

There is a growing feeling that ministers, like physicians and undertakers, are only public functionaries. The people now estimate what it will cost to get a minister to attend a funeral just as much as to get the carriages. Of course ministers don't make a price, but then "it's so much trouble," and they have to put themselves out" so much, that the people feel called on to split them a fee, just as they would at a marriage. This is not wholesome. There is a danger that we are losing our commission, and instead of going "into all the world," we are waiting for the people to come to us — for the mountain to come to Mahomet. The people are growing dissatisfied with the churches and ministers, and are going off alone. Hundreds of church people never look into a church while they are away, from May to September. "E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day." Remember, brethren, the story of Egdon: "He was sitting in a summer parlor which he had for himself alone."

It is evident, then, what conspires to bring about this condition of things. The cure is painfully evident. It demands allopathic treatment. We have too long been trying *similia similitus curantur*. It will be remembered that,

"Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all."

Among our Books.

[From WOOD MAGIC: A FABLE. By Richard Jeffries. Cassell, Petter, Gaugh & Co.]

"All day long the miserable Weasel lay on the floor of his prison, driven every now and then to gnaw his tail till he squeaked with the pain. The only thing that kept him from despair was the hope of the revenge he would have, if ever he did get out, on those who had laid the trap for him. For hours he lay insensible, and only woke up when the Rat looked down the chink and said to him, 'Are you still here?' he jolted his tail till it tasted, and then went off without waiting for an answer. Then the Cricket came again, and taking not the least notice of the prisoner, sang all night."

"In the morning the Weasel looked up and saw that the chink had really opened. He crawled to it; he was so faint he could not walk, so he had to crawl over the floor, which was all red with his own blood. The fungus, a thick, yellowish green thing, like a very large and unwholesome mushroom, was growing fast, so fast he could see it move, and very slowly it shoved and lifted up the stone. The chink was now so far open that in his

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FOR ADVERTISERS

One of the best advertising mediums in NEW ENGLAND.

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Miscellaneous.

CHAUTAUQUA, ITS TENDENCIES AND CLOSE.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The reported unfavorable condition of the President threw somewhat of a gloom over the last week of the great Assembly, albeit expressions of glad thanksgiving marked the close. Chautauqua hearts have felt a special proprietorship in our President because of his pleasant visit to the assembly last year, and the timely words he then spoke in favor of popular education. There was also the indefinable sadness of the nearing end, as coming events cast their shadows before in the departure of the professors, one after the other, as their work was over. Nevertheless, "the last week" presented some of the finest exhibitions of oratory, the most helpful essays, the most useful new developments and enjoyable recreations of the whole season.

Wednesday morning was devoted to examinations, 116 little ones attempting to answer the questions in the primary class. There were between fifty and sixty "intermediates," and 110 aspirants for the name of "alumni." The results, of course, are not known as yet. They are probably more satisfactory than in past years, as each class having been under the instruction of one competent teacher, the course has of necessity been more systematic. On Wednesday afternoon, Prof. Churchill, of Andover, Mass., gave a series of public elocutionary readings. The elocution classes have been such a success that, although the Professor received a large sum for his services, the Association is said to have realized well on its investment. Wednesday night there was a competitive exhibition of fireworks on two steamers, called a "naval battle." As usual on such occasions, the crowd upon the lake-shore was immense.

Saturday was the last gala day, but was commenced with two serious lectures — the last of Dr. Townsend's theological course, on "The Atonement," and "Religion and Liberty," by Rev. F. S. Scovel of Pittsburgh, Penn. There was a grand concert by Professor Sherwin's chorus — not quite so full as it was — Signor Vitali assisting on the violin and P. J. Jersey on the cornet.

After dinner the annual procession of instructors, classes, societies and children marched about the grounds between the gaily-decorated cottages, public buildings and hotels. Later, Frank Beard delivered an amusing lecture on a new society founded by himself and called the I. C. U. R. The cabalistic letters have no significance, and the founder is head, subordinates and members, of the society in his own person. The "Jubilee" gave a grand concert at night, which was finished up with a children's bonfire and balloons.

Sunday was one of Chautauqua's usual restful and orderly Sabbaths, in spite of the number of people gathered in the intervals of the play, which the speaker insisted upon as essential to the proper development of the young "animal." Mr. Gough delivered his familiar lecture on "Peculiar People," with such force, pathos, and infinite humor as to keep the great audience (the last enormous one) in alternate smiles and tears for almost two hours. We are all familiar with the powers of mimicry and pathos of this veteran orator, but for the grandeur of thought and suggested possibilities of self-sacrifice, the writer at least was quite unprepared. Thursday afternoon the School of Languages closed its six weeks' session. It had had about 150 scholars in all the languages — French and German being the most popular. The closing exercises were very interesting. There were speeches from the various professors, and a valedictory from Dr. Vincent; while Prof. Spring, who has been giving lessons in the art of clay-modelling, moulded a human head in presence of the audience. At night there was a campfire, with accompanying speeches in German, to which only members of the school were admitted. The Phi Kappa Psi and Phi Gamma Delta societies also held their anniversary exercises on Thursday afternoon and evening. A. A. Willets, D. D., spoke in the afternoon on "Sunshine." At night the speaker was Professor J. Clarke Ridpath, D. D., of Greencastle, Indiana.

Friday was the last day of real work, and it was packed very full of good things. The early lecture by Rev. W. H. Withrow, of Canada, on the "Catacombs of Rome," brought one face to face with the Christian life, death and thought of the infancy of the church. Dr. Vincent followed with a searching talk called "Week-day Work of the Sunday-school;" but closing with an earnest appeal to all Christians to care for the young left to their own devices in great cities.

Dr. Sims' fine lecture on "Special Providences" was the great event of the day. The speaker is the newly-elected Chancellor of Syracuse University, of fine presence and pleasing as well as eloquent address. He considered special providences not as "special petting," nor yet as miracu-

lous interposition, but as the overruling paternal care that makes all things work together to the glory of God and for the benefit of them that love Him.

In the afternoon Prof. Townsend gave his lecture on the goodness and severity of God, handling the much vexed question of eternal punishment in a way, one would suppose, to reconcile all differences of opinion; at any rate, it seemed to satisfy a Chautauqua audience, many of whom were moved to tears.

Friday afternoon also witnessed the closing session of the C. L. S. C. Round Table, when quite a large number of members gathered in the Hall and discussed a plan of intermediate reading for those not sufficiently mature to take hold of the curriculum, which for this year is somewhat advanced.

There are those among us, good Christian people, many of them leaders in the so-called "higher life" party, who would exclude all secular learning, all further study of science, literature and art from the pursuit of those who would be "wholly the Lord's."

To such of these as are not actuated by incorrigible mental laziness, we recommend a visit to Chautauqua and a thorough examination of the principles and workings of the C. L. S. C. They will leave with the conviction that it is possible to do all things — studying as well as eating and drinking — to the glory of God.

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lous interposition, but as the overruling paternal care that makes all things work together to the glory of God and for the benefit of them that love Him.

To sum up the lessons of Chautauqua, we may say, that it gives the lie to some people who claim a peculiar sanctity for ignorance, and shows not only that religion and culture are compatible, but also that true culture, founded on God's Word, guided by His Spirit, and made subservient to the development of His ideal, is the highest expression of religion and an embodiment of the Apostle's thought — "This one thing I do."

THE CHILD ON THE VINEYARD.

BY REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D.D.

One of the most prominent and distinguishing features of Cottage City is its child life. We have here, in the season, a large number of children of both sexes and of all ages; and they go in for the comforts and pleasures of our city by the sea with a "perfect rush."

Infants, as they are wheeled along in their little carriages, have an air of intense satisfaction, and their brilliant and sparkling eyes seem to take in the whole situation at a glance. Others, from two years old and upwards, as they are led by the hand, or saunter leisurely alone, have an air of the same huge satisfaction. Others, in groups, run and jump and halloo with the most perfect freedom; while some more enterprising youngsters rush by on bicycles, with an occasional capsize. The whole scene is exhilarating.

Children here, especially the weak and the sickly, stand a much better chance for health and recuperation than at Newport; unless, in the possession of wealth, they can command a place on Bellevue Avenue or some similar situation. Our climate is as good as that of Newport, with less of fog and dampness and more of sunshine. How much better such a place as this for these precious juvenile lives, with their vast possibilities, than the paved walks and streets of the cities, "stived up" between lofty brick or stone walls, with the dust and heat and noise of a crowded population. The moral safety of Cottage City may also be taken into consideration. We have no grog-shops, tempting to ruin, as in some noted places. Vice may be here, as elsewhere; but as it is not tolerated, it is not seen.

The cost, also, may be taken into the account. Children committed to the care of our brethren Dias or Wesley, who keep excellent houses at very moderate charges, would cost scarcely more than the doctor's bill in the city. Sisters Dias and Wesley would have a motherly care of them. The season here actually lasts till the middle of October.

And having said a word respecting the beautiful children who throng our shaded avenues, I may add also a word respecting some persons related to them. In my late residence on Rhode Island, as I looked upon the ladies in the splendid turn-outs, with their liveried drivers and footmen, which appear on Thames Street, Newport, I thought that they were among the handsomest women on earth. But women, almost every day, pass my door on Clinton Avenue, who are equally so, and whose queenly forms are some of the finest I have seen in sixty years.

Correspondence.

FROM NORTHPOR.

Simply to say that Northport is a beautiful place, is to make a very tame statement, and yet this is just what it is. Yesterday, as I sat on the piazza of our cottage, and looked away over the bay, with its fifty sail in sight, and to the hills and villages beyond, and felt the soft sea breeze upon my cheek — but this is getting too sentimental, and I will not finish the sentence. Suffice it to say, that I sat there and saw and felt all I have said. For three weeks the air has been the purest of the pure, and no dense fog to trouble us.

As a review of the whole Assembly, one might say with strict impartiality that it has been a success, in spite of the absence of many who have been wont to contribute to its efficiency — Ostrander, Holmes, Worley, Buckley, Curry and the like, who are now across the water. The educational departments are increasing in power, and spreading their influence wider and wider. The Sunday-school nucleus of the whole is not neglected; indeed, it seems to the writer as though it were less overshadowed by the recreation element, and outshone by the intellectual stars, than last year. The Art department, an entirely new feature, has been inaugurated this summer. Frank Beard, who has risen from an amateur of children to the dignity of a professor of art, has had two art classes daily, and Professor Corning, with his lectures and stereopticon illustrations, has made all who cared to attend (and they were multitudes) familiar with the "Master-pieces of the Ages," which was the subject of his last lecture on Friday night. The new Archaeological Museum, with its nucleus of curiosities, books and engravings, forms a connecting link between art and the church of Christ. In music, while the absence of a band has disappointed many of the pleasure-seekers who go to Chautauqua merely to "have a good time," and the band and responsibility have fallen heavily upon Professor Sherwin who carried it alone, those who in the commencement joined his Musical College, found in its two daily drills sound musical culture, and the many concert-gives real pleasure to the audiences. The "Jubilee Singers," who

soon. I can feel it in the air. The fact is, it must have. What would the world do if Maine should cease to furnish Christian men to run it? And yet it is generally admitted that the condition of the young of the present day is very deplorable. They are neglecting the church and wandering away from God. But they will come back; they must come back.

Northport may yet become the great summer resort of Maine. It has all the advantages of the sea-shore — splendid boating, fishing and bathing; and at the same time it is away back in the country far from the busy cares of the world. Five minutes' walk from the shore takes us out among the hills and into beautiful groves. The scenery is grand and lovely. God made it on purpose for man to enjoy; nature affords every opportunity for the recreation of the body; the camp-meeting brings the choicest spiritual blessings; a little stimulus to a higher and purer mental culture would make the place perfect.

R. E. BISBEE.

held at Jackson's Grove, under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant Church, and was the means of accomplishing much good. Still, it is to be regretted that at all these camps there was too much running of Sunday trains.

No camp-meeting was held at Emory Grove this year, nor is it likely that any may be held in the future. The grounds were sold by auction and secured to the church a few months ago by four leading men in Baltimore; but there were hanging debts and other difficulties that could not be met. For years it was a flourishing camp-ground, and many thousands of dollars were spent in improving it. Those who used to tent there — and they were the leading Methodists of Baltimore — have generally gone to Ocean Grove this year.

The colored Methodists of Baltimore have purchased Strawbridge M. E. Church for \$22,000, and paid for it. The Strawbridge congregation are building a new church in a better locality, the corner-stone of which was laid last week, Bishop Andrews of this city and others taking part. Emory M. E. Church in Baltimore has also been sold to another colored congregation for \$15,000.

The authorities of Victoria University

at Manchester, England, have decided not to insist upon classical knowledge, except for the ordinary degrees in arts, and have made divers new regulations for degrees in science and law.

At the Commencement of Dickinson College, a committee was appointed to devise plans for the proper celebration of the centenary of the college in 1883.

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R. E. BISBEE.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, usually lively and gay, has been a dull city for two months, and the interest and excitement at times have been painful. The condition of the President has been very changeable, and his state invariably regulated the spirits of the people. Every one felt cheerful and happy when his case looked hopeful, but the very reverse when he was ill. The cabinet has been mostly on hand, few caring to go on vacation, or even to leave the city.

Washington has about sixteen churches, some very fine and prosperous, and others very poor and struggling along.

A number are burdened with debt, and noble efforts have been put forth to meet financial emergencies. Metropolitan Church is struggling on, and it is to be hoped that the \$40,000 debt may soon be paid, the congregation having complied with the conditions of the bishops in raising \$15,000 of that sum. The spire of the church is the finest and tallest in the city, and it is the only church that has a set of chimes, which are very superior.

During a recent storm it was feared that the spire had been shaken as it was once before. The city authorities undertook to determine its safety, and the result is not satisfactory yet. This "Keystone" was the gift of the late Thomas Kelso, of Baltimore, who was a great admirer and friend of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Newman.

Our city churches are never well attended in summer, and this season has not been an exception. It is safe to say there are few cities in the land where churches have greater struggles in summer than this. A large percentage of members are generally government clerks, and these are always liable to change. Hence this is a city of fluctuations and changes like no other in America, and the churches feel it very much. As the fall and winter approach, the churches will assume a more assuring and hopeful appearance. As yet no revival meetings have commenced here, although the season is at hand when such efforts are made.

There has not been a genuine revival here for some time — no revival of any note, in fact, since Rev. Thomas Harrington held meetings at the Foundry. A camp-meeting was held for two weeks at Washington Grove, representing the churches of the city, and closed last week. It was not as large as on former years, although in other respects it was a success, and a number professed conversion. One difficulty with camp-meetings here, and all over Maryland, is the running of excursion trains on Sunday, when the worst classes take advantage of a cheap trip, and crowds of godless persons make the Sabbath a day of amusement and pleasure. Many Christian men have ceased to attend camp-meetings on this account, and others consider them not a necessity now as in former days.

Last week the well-known banker, G. W. Riggs, of this city, died in his seventieth year. Mr. Riggs was well and favorably known here, and had been for many years a member of the Episcopal Church. His wife, who died some years ago, was a strict Roman Catholic, and all the children were brought up in that faith. Some time ago, Mr. Riggs embraced the Romish faith, and died in it, and was buried with imposing ceremony and display. The nuns, sisters of charity, and hundreds of orphan children were present at the funeral. Mr. John Elliott, the Methodist banker of New York, connected with the Riggs Co. banking firm, was present at the funeral, and was one of the pall-bearers.

The Riggs family aims to secure the introduction of some text-books upon the subject of temperance into the public schools, asserting with fitness that the proper indoctrination of the child is the best way to secure a wholesome manhood and womanhood. Natick is one of the towns in the State where it is reported that there is the occasional and healthy administration of doses of alcohol. The ladies assert that in some towns it is their special influence securing temperance resolutions on election day, and point with pride to the fact that so many of the towns voting under the new plan of local option have passed such resolutions. The ladies are now anxious to secure an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, *a la Kansas*. They are already casting their votes, and with persuasive eloquence, spoke in favor of the measure. The ladies are now anxious to secure an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, *a la Kansas*.

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We asked what amount the ladies spent in their State temperance work. Mrs. Barrett's reply. "I don't know where it comes from." But the rolls of the Sing-Sing Camp-meeting Jubilee on the occasion of the semi-centennial, and is filled with interesting facts relating to early Methodism, with numerous illustrations.

In the Franklin Square Library we have received THE BLACK SPECK, a temperance tale, by F. W. Robinson (10 cents); and RESIDEA, by Mrs. Randolph (20 cents).

our hands — there be any weapon which, once taken from the armory, will make victory certain, it will be, as it has been in art, literature and society, summoning woman into the political arena."

Boston Journal.

EDUCATIONAL.

There are sixty-four college secret societies in this country, 487 chapters and a membership of 65,256. The societies have thirty-five chapter houses, the most expensive of which cost \$40,000.

The primary schools of Lancaster, Penn., writing has been introduced in the first and second divisions, geography is used as a reading-book, and oral instruction is given.

The authorities of Victoria University at Manchester, England, have decided not to insist upon classical knowledge, except for the ordinary degrees in arts, and have made divers new regulations for degrees in science and law.

At the Commencement of Dickinson College, a committee was appointed to devise plans for the proper celebration of the centenary of the college in 1883.

The colored Methodists of Baltimore have purchased Strawbridge M. E. Church for \$22,000, and paid for it. The Strawbridge congregation are building a new church in a better locality, the corner-stone of which was laid last week, Bishop Andrews of this city and others taking part. Emory M. E. Church in Baltimore has also been sold to another colored congregation for \$15,000.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

Those disciples who desire to be successful workers in the church, should give themselves to much prayer, remembering that "a good word with God in secret qualifies for a good work with man in society."

Chronic diseases are not usually cured by occasional administrations of medicine, but by the daily use of proper regimen and suitable remedies. In like manner must we treat sin, which is our constitutional disease. Daily prayer must be its regimen, abiding faith in the sacrificial blood its medicine, deeds of love to men its constant exercise. Thus treated, the disease will be killed and the soul be made pure.

The words of Jesus are the manna on which faith must feed, or starve to death. Hence that disciple who neglects to study the Holy Bible invites spiritual decay. Chrysostom told his people that the very aspect of the sacred volume makes us loth to sin. And if to this be added diligent reading, the soul, led as it were into the immost sanctuary, will become cleansed and amended, God himself holding converse with it through the Scriptures. On the other hand, he who habitually neglects or carelessly reads the divine book, is sure to be afflicted with leanness of soul. Only those grow spiritually robust who feed deliciously on God's words.

When the face of the proto-martyr Stephen was illuminated as with angelic glory, it vividly proclaimed the power of the Holy Spirit to spiritualize the human body. An early father puts this idea of the power of the spirit over the flesh very finely when he says, "Christ did not merely extinguish the tyranny of sin, but elevated and spiritualized the flesh, which He did, not by changing its nature, but rather by giving it wings. For just as when fire has been long beside iron, even the iron becomes fiery, though retaining the white of its own nature. So the very flesh of those who believe and possess the Spirit, is changed at last into that kind of essence, becoming altogether spiritual, crucified in every part, and obtaining wings along with the Spirit."

An unregenerate man is a temple of sin. It is said in Scripture to "dwell" in him. A regenerator man is "the temple of the living God." Christ "dwells in his heart by faith." Both are habitations, but oh, for what vastly different guests! "The metaphor of habitation or indwelling," says Peter Martyr, "is taken from this circumstance—that they who inhabit a house, not only occupy it, but also govern in it and order all things in their own opinion." Hence the man in whom sin dwells, is governed by sin. Sin reigns over him. But he who is a "habitation of God through the Spirit," is ruled by the divine will. Sin does not dwell in him, because, as Arminius truly observes, "no man can be inhabited by both God and sin at the same time; and when Christ has overcome the strong man armed, he binds him hand and foot and casts him out, and thus occupies his house and dwells in it."

There is no moral poison more dangerous to the public than sentimental, unqualified admiration for literary celebrities whose lives were known to be stained with impure spots. By eulogizing such persons as virtuous, the popular conscience is demoralized, because trained thereby to view wrong as a mere peccadillo, to be tolerated and not condemned. A specimen of this species of poison is contained in a paper by a lady writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, for May, wherein the novelist, George Elliot, is called "the best of women, and the best of friends;" "it is also designated 'Mrs. Lewes';" and it is said of her that "precious as the writings of George Elliot are, her life and character were yet more beautiful than they." All this is affirmed in face of the notorious fact that after the death of Mr. Lewes, when this brilliant woman became the wife of another suitor, she signed her name in the marriage register as Marian Evans, thereby confessing that she never was Mrs. Lewes. Yet she had lived several years with that

gentleman, not as his lawful wife, but as his mistress, and knowing that he had a wife living. Hence Marian Evans was an adulteress; and we protest in the name of social purity against this and every other attempt to hide her great sin beneath the halo of her splendid genius. They who try to do this convict themselves of ethical perversity, a lack of that moral purity by which alone men can "perceive the divinity of things. To see the gods we must become their peers."

"Evils of all sorts are more or less of kin, and do usually go together. Especially it is an old truth, that wherever huge physical evil is, there, as the parent and origin of it, has moral evil to a proportionate extent been." This is one of Carlyle's most pregnant sentences. It not merely expresses the Scriptural theory that physical evil sprang from moral misconduct, but it suggests the gospel method of healing physical evil by seeking the universal triumph of sound moral and spiritual principles. The latter, established by Christ's reign over each individual, would replace "the works of the flesh with the fruits of the spirit." Suppose Christ to be embodied in universal humanity, and you behold a world from which the works of the flesh are excluded, namely: "Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like." These vices will be no longer a vast Lazar-house, but almost a heaven. But suppose their places filled by the fruits of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance," what would life on earth then be but "heaven begun below?" How irrational, therefore, is the folly of a world which, though groaning with pain, huge misery to its breast while despising the Christ who is learning to transform it into a paradise of peace and happiness.

OVER THE SEA.

The climate of Florence, or Forze, as it is known by its natives, is delightful. Its skies have the matchless coloring that art cannot approach. The moonlight nights that we have enjoyed in walks along the Arno, cool almost as the seaside after a hot day, are indescribably beautiful. Then Florence is an exceptionally clean city. Its streets are regular, its houses in good condition, with palaces everywhere, and attractive villas with gardens around them. Near the city, on the banks of the Arno, is a very large and tastefully-arranged park, and all around the city are pleasant drives. On the heights upon the south side elegant public grounds have been laid out, which command the whole city. Florence itself lies upon level ground, but hills surround it on every side and the blue Apennines skirt the horizon in every direction.

There are scores of churches that present some objects of artistic interest. Visitors are constantly walking along their halls, while services, attracting a few worshippers, are held, in singing tones, in the adjoining chapels. The worshippers (priests as well as laymen) eye with curious interest the passers-by while still upon their knees. Priests readily offer their services, for a few centimes, as guides to conduct visitors through the churches while services are going on. Some of the ornamentation of the chapels is surpassingly rich in gold, silver and precious stones; some is tawdry and disgusting in the extreme. It fills one's soul with horror and indignation to see what, after all explanations, is simply image worship with the masses (and evidently with the priests also), and to notice everywhere that hundreds of petitions are offered to Mary where one is offered to Christ or to the living and unseen God. In the church adjoining our hotel the dust of Amerigo Vespucci lies buried near its altar, and a slab on the opposite side of the street points out the former place of his residence.

But in many respects the most interesting spot in Florence is the Piazza della Signoria. Here, where now stands the celebrated Neptune fountain, was the site, in the public square, of the burning of that noble reformer—the real prophet of Florence—Savonarola. Adjoining is the Palazzo Vecchio, the palace of the Republic, the foundation of which was laid in 1298. In 1495 the immense hall in it was constructed at the request of Savonarola, when the whole city was really in his control, for the assembling of the great council. The building has since been the Parliament house, and is now the city hall.

We visited the English cemetery, which is in the pleasantest portion of the city, and is well kept, the gardener with his family living upon the grounds. We tarried awhile with sad emotions by the grave of Theodore Parker. We never read a more distressing termination to the life of a Christian pastor than that of Mr. Parker, as recorded by his biographer, the late Mr. Weiss. That throbbing and unreconciled brain has long been quiet. His grave had been kindly cared for, and bore marks of affectionate consideration at the hand of some passing friend. On the main walk, conspicuous, tasteful and chaste, bearing only her well-known initials, "E. B. B." — Elizabeth Barrett Browning—is one of the best-known burials in the cemetery. It could be readily seen that often pilgrimages are made to this shrine. One of our ladies pressed in her note-book a beautiful little wild flower that blossomed above her dust. We rode by the house where she lived, which with its street she immortalized in her imperishable song. "Grateful Florence" has placed a marble slab in its

front, commemorating her occupancy as the poet who so gracefully united science and verse. In the same ground are found the graves of Hiram Powers, of Hildreth, the historian, and many other American names. We drop a tear over these children of the Arno. Its foundation was laid during the period of the Republic, in 1298, and it embodied the genius of its noblest artists—Arnolfo, Giotto, Talenti, Gaddi and Fillipo Brunelleschi. The immense building, with its noble dome, which Michael Angelo proposed to place upon the roof of his lofty St. Peter's at Rome, is constructed of various-colored marbles on the outside, and is one of the few European structures the chief attraction of which is its exterior. It is not yet finished, but public contributions have been taken, and the work of completing its front is now to go rapidly forward. Adjoining is the Baptistry, an octagonal edifice, in the same florid and peculiar style of architecture, constructed at first out of a pagan temple that stood on the site. The most remarkable feature of it is its bronze doors. The designs of one of them, which stands opposite the Cathedral, were by Ghiriberti, and Michael Angelo said of it that it was worthy of being the gate of Paradise. The Campanile, or bell-tower, built of the same varied colors of marble, is an object of universal admiration. It is light and graceful, and is about as near perfection as a work of human art can be. It was designed by Giotto, and is the best monument to his memory. The Medicean Chapel is simply a magnificent monument, rich in the most valuable marbles, and adorned with the finest frescoes and rich statuary (some of it by Michael Angelo) to the memory of the chief members of this great Florentine family. Their elegant tombs fill its sides. It is not completed, although commenced at the opening of the seventeenth century, and endowed with a large fund for this purpose. The money has been diverted from its intended purpose; but what matters it now to the proud popes and princes of this haughty line?

There are scores of churches that present some objects of artistic interest. Visitors are constantly walking along their halls, while services, attracting a few worshippers, are held, in singing tones, in the adjoining chapels. The worshippers (priests as well as laymen) eye with curious interest the passers-by while still upon their knees. Priests readily offer their services, for a few centimes, as guides to conduct visitors through the churches while services are going on. Some of the ornamentation of the chapels is surpassingly rich in gold, silver and precious stones; some is tawdry and disgusting in the extreme. It fills one's soul with horror and indignation to see what, after all explanations, is simply image worship with the masses (and evidently with the priests also), and to notice everywhere that hundreds of petitions are offered to Mary where one is offered to Christ or to the living and unseen God. In the church adjoining our hotel the dust of Amerigo Vespucci lies buried near its altar, and a slab on the opposite side of the street points out the former place of his residence.

But the elegant paintings of Venice, by Brown and others, and the cheaper photographic copies of scenes and sights in Venice, do not represent the everywhere noticeable marks of age upon the famous palaces and churches of this strange city. The wear of nearly a hundred centuries is upon some of them. The white marble has been blackened and broken by the breath of the ages. There is nothing new in Venice. Its more than a half hundred islands have all been long since built over. It was many years ago a "finished" city. Its wealthy Doges and merchant princes, in the days of its power and pride, when its banner, with the winged lion, dominated the sea, and its generals brought home the captured treasures of the cities they had subdued, piled up and filled its marvelous palaces and world-famed churches. There are no palaces built along its watery streets in modern times, but not a few of these venerable and rich structures are for sale. But Venice has still quite a commerce, and a number of large ships of war and passenger steamers are at all times in her very picturesque, island-studded harbor.

We had our breakfast in what is called the garden of the hotel. It is a stone quay, with the Grand Canal on one side, and a narrow side canal running by the entrance to the house on the other. Around it, in large tubs, are orange or lemon trees. As we eat, the gondolas are glancing by in every direction. A band of Italian musicians lands at the steps while we eat, and commences an extempore concert. Just over the broad canal is the Custom House, and, at a little distance, a highly-ornamented church. Altogether it is the most romantic experience that this company of "innocents abroad" has yet enjoyed.

The hotel opens on the land side upon the narrow street that leads to the famous Piazza San Marco. This noted square is 576 feet by 185, paved with large square blocks of stone. It has suites of palaces all around it, save on the east side, where is the church. On the north and west sides is the old palace, now devoted to stores and public and private offices; on the south is the new palace, occupied by the royal family when in Venice. Margherita, Humbert's beautiful and popular queen, is at this time occupying the royal rooms. We saw the crown-prince—a fine, hearty-looking little fellow, in a sailor's rig—enjoying a trip upon the water in a handsome little steamer. On the east side is the venerable and famed San Marco, with its Oriental domes and spires and its Gothic additions, made in the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was built in the eleventh century on the site of a church that had been burned, a hundred years older. It was adorned with the treasures stolen from the conquest of the Byzantine empire by the triumphant Venetians. Here are the famous bronze horses, standing over its high entrance, which Constantine first carried from Rome to Constantinople, and then were captured by Venice in the thirteenth century; stolen from her by Napoleon I, and taken to Paris in 1797, and were finally restored in 1815. In the adjoining Ducal Palace are doors and other ornaments taken from the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople. The old church itself almost overwhelms you with its intrinsic grandeur and its historical association, as you stand beneath its lofty arches. Some few marks of restoration appear, but the uneven mosaic pavement, trodden hundreds of years ago by haughty Doges and a proud people, and its wonderful Scripture mosaics all over the vaulted ceiling, speak of the far-vanished past and fill the mind with wondering thoughts. The deep tones of the powerful organ and the effective chanting of the choir subdue the mind, however, with a sense of the divine Presence, older than all time, whose mighty Hand has overturned the kingdoms and crushed to dust the mightiest of earthly powers. The intoned Latin mass, which is going on while we remain in the church, the bowing before the idolatrous crucifixes, the little apportion reverence of the body of worshippers, the shaking of the contribution box by a mystic monk before the kneeling and standing audience, dissipate both the sense of grandeur arising from the scene and of reverential worship suggested by the venerable sanctuary of God. When will the breath of the Spirit awaken spiritual life out of these dry bones?

Adjoining San Marco, on one side, is a bell tower, with its curious automatic clock marking every five minutes and recording the time on its face, and striking twice, by two images, the hours as they pass. On the other side is the high campanile, and connected with the church is the grand Ducal Palace. We pass up the broad and famed marble stairway over which the rulers and senators of Venice, with the many foreign ambassadors that paid her court, were accustomed to reach her magnificent regal halls and galleries. No suite of royal rooms in any other portion of Europe impressed us more. In size they are grand; but their ornamentation by Tintoret, Titian, Paul Veronese and others, add greatly to their grandeur. Tintoret's immense painting of Paradise—the largest oil painting in the world—with eight hundred figures in it, covers one whole side of the great council chamber, and in other halls we find "The Descent from the Cross," and "Venice, Queen of the Sea," with Titian's famous Doge Grimani kneeling before Faith, and others almost equally noted in the history of art.

We stood in the historical chamber of the august Council of Ten, and the more terrible room of the tribunal of three, whose summary judgments, upon testimony anonymously dropped into the still visible letter-box, if the adjoining dungeons could speak, would fill the hearer with horror. We passed the Bridge of Sighs, which leads from the Palace of the Doges to the prison (the outside of which has been made so familiar by description and picture), and visited the dark and unventilated cells which had been often the living graves of political and religious victims. The chief historical interest of Venice gathers around the place of St. Mark, although poetry at the hands of Shakespeare and his successors has invested hundreds of other scenes with a sentimental interest.

We enjoyed a rare and characteristic evening on the water. A company of some thirty skilled singers, with a string band and a lady soloist, occupied an illuminated boat. The tourists, with others drawn to the scene, in over fifty gondolas, formed around this band and floated with it down the Grand Canal to the Rialto—about two miles distant. Fireworks were burned and exploded as we started, and during the trip, at various

points. What was far better, the moon at its full was shining and silverying the motionless tide. There was a soft, cool air breathing upon us, which was very refreshing; while nothing is more soothing than the gliding of the gondola to the gentle music of the oar. The singing, as we floated along, was very fine, calling the residents of the palaces, all along the passage, to their windows. The enunciation, the absolute correctness as to time, and the spirit with which the songs were rendered, were all noticeable. The whole company crowded together under the immense arch of the Rialto, and here quite a concert was given, almost with the effect of having been heard in a hall. Altogether, it was an event that could only occur in Venice, and rarely ever happens here. It will cling long to the memories and imaginations of all who were present in the Grand Canal on that memorable 6th of August.

Although canals run to nearly every door, you can go all over Venice on foot, if you only know the way. An iron bridge of one arch, as well as the Rialto, which is a bridge of stores and forms a portion of the city market, crosses the Grand Canal. There are over one hundred and fifty side canals and three hundred and six bridges. The streets are narrow, and only intended, of course, for foot passengers. At one of the large islands in the harbor there are four horses, and this is all the facility for this form of locomotion that is provided. Everything comes by water. Every morning we see loaded boats, with all forms of farm produce and wood, gliding along the canal, and what is more significant of her situation, great flat boats, full of water, are pushed along from the main land to meet the lack, in a dry time, of the rain water which is the usual supply for drinking and cooking. We have been strongly warned against its use, but thus far drink it with impunity. But our letter must close abruptly, as its limits are reached.

Editorial Items.

The President has had, on the whole, a comfortable week, with no recurrence of the unfavorable symptoms except on Saturday when he had two attacks of vomiting. The bulletins to-day (Monday) give occasion for no increased anxiety. The surgeons have decided to take the risk of removing their patient to Long Branch by rail, being convinced that the malarial influences of the capital are too depressing and hazardous for them to expect convalescence so long as the President is exposed to them. Arrangements are being perfected, at the time of writing, to convey him, with as little jar and publicity as possible, to the famous sanitarium by the sea. If he succeeds in reaching there without serious detriment, the confidence is generally expressed that new strength will come to him and his recovery be ensured.

Gov. Hoyt's (of Pennsylvania) proclamation of a day of fasting and prayer on the 6th has received the countenance of several of the governors, who have made similar appointments for their own States. So profound and universal, however, is the sympathy, and so constant are the supplications all over the land for the President's recovery, that special appointments seem hardly necessary.

The smoke of the French elections has cleared away, and the relative positions and strength of the contesting parties are clearly defined. Imperialism and Bourbonism are pretty effectually disposed of. The Republic is established on a firmer basis than ever, and such measures as the Education laws, and possibly the *scrutin de liste*, will probably be carried without much opposition. Gambetta has now his opportunity. He can no longer rule France except as a member of the ministry, and President Grévy is quite ready to offer him the premiership as soon as M. Ferry encounters a hostile vote in the Chambers. His virtual defeat at Belleville is a significant warning that he can no longer play the role of irresponsible dictator, and change ministries at his pleasure. He must himself come to the front, or forfeit his political ascendancy. That he is willing to accept responsibility appears to be evident from the behavior of his friends.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that some of the mummies lately discovered in Egypt are of too high a rank to have their bones and dust ground up to make "burnt sienna" for artists' use, and their cremates sent to the paper-mill. Thirty-nine mummies were lately found at Thebes, of which twenty-six have been fully identified as the veritable remains of persons who figured in the days of Israel in Egypt—among them, Kings Thothmes I, II, and III, Kings Rameses I, Seti I, and Rameses II, the last-named being the Sesosiris of the Greeks, and believed by later Egyptologists to have been the Pharaoh who "refused to let the people go." These mummies are all in a state of remarkable preservation, most of them being shrouded in the celebrated Egyptian linen of which accounts have come down to us, unrivaled in its texture and fineness. While the cases in which they are deposited are covered, within and without, with the most closely-written and delicately-penciled inscriptions in olive green, yellow and orange. The face of King Amenophis I is covered

with a lotus-wreathed mask of *Popa maché*, the eyes of which are of porcelains and enamels. So fresh are the colors that it seems almost incrusting that they were put on so many centuries ago. It is a startling thing to think that human eyes can look to-day upon the haughty features that Moses and Aaron gazed upon in their successive interviews, and upon lips that closed so firmly in refusal to obey the messages of Jehovah.

Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems was elected a director of the American Tract Society a month or two ago. He did not feel free to accept the position. Certain difficulties had risen in his mind as to the general management of the institution—it's injurious effect on private publishing interests by its power to sell cheap rates than they, a power sustained by the donations of the churches, its tendency to monopolize the religious book-trade, and thereby obstruct the expansion of religious literature, in publication of books and illustrated periodicals, whereas its name indicates that its purpose is for the distribution of tracts alone, etc., etc. He stated these difficulties in a frank letter to J. M. Stevenson, the corresponding secretary, who replied so cogently, covering every point, that Dr. Deems professed himself perfectly satisfied and accepted the proffered honor. The correspondence has been published by the Society in tract form, under the title of "Inquiries Answered," and its reading will effectively dissipate any doubts and success of the Society.

ZION'S HERALD, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

to pass under the control of unbelievers, they will fight desperately and to the end. At present the area of disturbance is widening, and extends from the frontiers of Morocco to the extremity of Tunis. At last accounts the port of Hammamet was being occupied by newly arriving French troops. A large force of Arabs have concentrated around Kairouan, and it is estimated that an army of at least 10,000 men, well supplied with artillery, will be required to capture that stronghold.

BRIEF MENTION.

— Dr. Mark Trafton has gone to Moosehead Lake for vacation and recuperation.

— The Aurora has set — Pope Leo's paper — carrying down with it several hundred thousands of dollars.

— Dr. Joseph Park, Jr. and wife, of London, are spending a week in this country, the guests of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

— Bishop Doggett, of the M. E. Church, South, was one of the speakers at the funeral of the late Bishop Haven, at Salem, Oregon.

— Jesse McHary, esq., of Shawneetown, Ind., one of the most liberal benefactors of our educational work in the West, died on the 21st.

— A nephew of Mendelssohn, a man named Arnold, is the organist of the Evangelical Church at Bonn — so says an ex-change.

— Bishop and Mrs. Simpson are to be the guests of Mr. Wm. MacArthur, the Lord Mayor of London, during the sessions of the Ecumenical Conference.

Even "Ur of the Chaldees" (the modern Urfa) has its Christian church of 1,400 souls — the planting of a converted Armenian weaver.

— The *Observer* protests emphatically against the arrangement which contemplates the committing to the Roman Catholic clergy of the religious exercises at the coming Yorktown celebration.

— Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler has arrived from an extended tour in Europe, and has taken himself to Saratoga until the improvements on his church are finished.

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— Rev. J. Thurston, who has been secretary of the Hedding Camp-meeting Association for many years, has been compelled by his feeble health to resign the position, to the great regret of every one. He has fulfilled the duties of the office with great fidelity and ability.

— Rev. C. A. Richardson, Recording Secretary.

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— Mr. W. H. Russell, a graduate of Boston University, class of '77, who has taught the past year at Vineyard Haven, has been elected principal of the Nantucket High School, and enters upon his duties this week. Mr. Russell obtained his college preparation in the Boston Latin School, receiving a Franklin medal, and holds a first-grade certificate from the supervisors of schools in Boston. He intends to make teaching his profession.

— Dr. Frazer, the Bishop of Manchester, and one of the most outspoken of Anglican prelates against ritualistic and other abuses, recently reminded one of his congregations that "while they [the church at large] were fighting and disputing about vestments, and ornaments, and chalices, and incense, the infidels and atheists at their doors were trying to destroy their people's faith in everything that spoke of God, of judgment, and of life beyond the grave."

— Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will give an address next Sunday, Sept. 11, in Tremont Temple, embodying some of the results of careful studies upon temperance and intemperance and other kindred topics made this summer in all the great capitals of Europe. She has visited the gin palaces of London, the underground beer halls of Berlin and Vienna, and has much thrilling and weighty matter to communicate. The public are invited.

— Dr. Joseph Park, Jr. and wife, of London, are spending a week in this country, the guests of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

— Bishop Doggett, of the M. E. Church, South, was one of the speakers at the funeral of the late Bishop Haven, at Salem, Oregon.

— Jesse McHary, esq., of Shawneetown, Ind., one of the most liberal benefactors of our educational work in the West, died on the 21st.

— A nephew of Mendelssohn, a man named Arnold, is the organist of the Evangelical Church at Bonn — so says an exchange.

— Bishop and Mrs. Simpson are to be the guests of Mr. Wm. MacArthur, the Lord Mayor of London, during the sessions of the Ecumenical Conference.

Even "Ur of the Chaldees" (the modern Urfa) has its Christian church of 1,400 souls — the planting of a converted Armenian weaver.

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viable fame. The school should be full to overflowing.

Bernardston. — Rev. A. W. Mills, of East Somerville, preached recently with very great acceptance to the people here, to whom he became much endeared during his labors with the charge in connection with Greenfield. Brother Reuben Park has had the misfortune to lose a horse, wagon and harness, which were stolen from his barn. Although tracked to Holyoke and a liberal reward offered, neither property nor thief have been secured.

Northfield. — The thirty days' convocation has just closed. It was a memorable season, and good was done which will live forever.

The farewell services were of a thrilling and gracious character, gathering special emphasis from the almost immediate departure of Messrs. Moody and Sankey for a two years' sojourn in Europe. Dr. A. J. Gordon, Mr. V. Farwell and Mr. D. L. Moody made addresses. Mr. Moody and family sail on the 24th, and Mr. Sankey on the 19th. They will labor especially in Scotland and northern England. W.

Hingham. — The ladies' sewing society of the M. E. Church gave an ice cream festival and sociable in the vestry on Wednesday evening, Aug. 31. Reading and singing by Rev. H. M. Cole, of Boston, formerly pastor of the society, a recitation by Rev. Mr. Fleming, and a reading by Miss Helen C. Steele, were part of the exercises. An interesting feature was an "Art Gallery," which caused a great deal of merriment. Quite a large number were in attendance, and a considerable sum of money was realized. H.

MAINE.

Bethel camp-meeting, which commences Monday evening, Sept. 5, holds out attractions not possessed by other camp-meeting associations, i. e., rural simplicity (no palace cottages or magnificent works of art, but the beautiful, unadorned scenery of nature); cloth tents, O. S., all around; no two-story eating-houses with modern appliances for making hash; no painted seats with high backs, or fine architectural stand with sounding-board for the ministers; but plain seats on the butt ends of logs; stand ditto, from which the pure unadulterated Gospel is preached without money and without price; and at the eating-tent, pure, country, healthy food may be found, fully as cheap. The lights are from pitch knots on platforms with earth floor O. S. I wish those religious tramps, with J. O. K. as their advance, had not taken their tour quite so early; they could have swum round the Androscoggin and have given us spiritual instruction, while we might have refreshed and strengthened them temporally. If any of those Boston brethren could honor us with a visit, it would be a treat indeed; and we are not forbidden to take collections, as on other camp-grounds, but often pass the hat, and sometimes get considerable, if not more. So if any one reads this will give us a visit, we will reciprocate for the same as far as able.

The Evangelical Association meets at Wesleyan Hall next Monday at 10 A. M., presided over by Bro. G. E. Gould, of Portland, and Union & Integrity; their Divorce and Union, to be presented by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., and Rev. E. S. Atwood. The Methodist Preachers' Meeting will assemble immediately after the adjournment of the above meeting.

Religious Items.

The British Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund is nearly completed; £1,300 has been received from foreign mission stations.

August 14 was "Hospital Sunday" at Newton, R. I., and nearly \$6,000 was raised in the various churches.

Rev. C. D. Barrows, of Lowell, Mass., finally accepts his call to the First Church, in San Francisco, though he had positively declined it three times.

There are twelve Swedish Baptist churches in Kansas, five of which have been organized within a year.

The first of July, 1881, the sale of the Moody and Sankey Gospel Hymns, all editions of the three numbers, had reached about 9,337,000 copies.

The Northern says that Mrs. Haven will return soon from the Pacific coast and will make her home for the greater part of the time at Bloomington, Ill., with her elder daughter, Mrs. C. M. Moss.

Nearly all of a class of fifteen graduating from the U. P. Seminary, at Xenia, O., have volunteered their services as foreign missionaries; but for lack of funds, only two can be sent out, one to Egypt and another to India.

An American missionary has interviewed Gen. Ignatieff, minister of the interior of Russia, and obtained from him concessions relating to his proposed work in the Caucasus.

The First Baptist Church, of Chicago, of which Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer was recently pastor, has given a call to Rev. Dr. Way Hoyt, of the Strong Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Budington, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Wm. Budington, died at Canandaigua, N. Y., last week.

Missionaries in China refuse to admit opium smokers to church membership. About 100,000 die there annually from the effects of the drug.

All Saints' Church and rectory, San Francisco, Cal., were destroyed by fire on the morning of August 15. The loss is estimated at \$100,000, but this was covered by insurance.

Elder James White, founder and head of the order of the Seventh Day Baptists, died of malarial fever, Aug. 6, at Battle Creek, Mich. He was a direct descendant of Peregrine White, the first child born after the landing of the Pilgrims.

A series of revival meetings in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, at La Plata, Missouri, recently closed with ninety-five conversions and eighty-five others making profession of religion.

Rev. Alex. Stark, of Tighnabruach, Scotland, almost the last of the Disruption worthies, and father of the Free Church of Scotland, has died in the 90th year of his age and 7th of his ministry.

As the Ritualists have not yet been able to agree among themselves about the proper forms and ceremonies, a Conference is to be held this month, in England, with the purpose to come to some conclusion in the matter, possibly.

The death is announced of Rev. Austin Craig, president of the Christian Biblical School at Stanfordville, N. Y. He was formerly pastor of the North Christian Church of New Bedford. His age was about 58.

A service in memory of the late Bishop Haven was held in Central Church, San Francisco, August 14. The church was profusely adorned and festooned with flowers and foliage. The services were deeply impressive and were participated in by a large number, among whom were Bishop Harris, Rev. John R. Harford, C. J. Holmes, A. T. Needham, Dr. M. C. Briggs, Dr. C. Cray, editor of the California *Christian Advocate*, and others.

Notwithstanding his delicate

Farm and Garden.

We advise those of our readers who live near cities to raise ducks for market. There is a good prospect to make money, and those who begin in the fall and make things ready for the spring work will take the first step in the right direction. Among the consumers of poultry during the past few years the well-fattened duck is appreciated, and we see a growing demand for choice lots of this class yearly.

The objection to raising ducks in numbers for market is mainly due to the belief that they cannot be raised successfully without having an abundance of fresh water at hand. The Rouen, Aylesbury and Pekin ducks, owing to a more thorough system of domestication and culture, thrive and do remarkably well on very little water.

In early spring the old ducks should have their liberty by day, and shut up at night until late the next morning, by which time they will have dropped their eggs in their pens. Ducks do not often go to a prepared nest to deposit their eggs like hens, but frequently drop them on the ground, in the water and whenever they take a notion.

If possible, set the first lot of eggs under hens, as they will find much insect food and be more watchful and careful of the ducklings. — *Poultry Monthly*.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

[Selected.]

Crab Apple Preserves. — Shell the apples; then remove them from the scald, to every pound of apples add a pound of sugar. Put the apples and sugar over the fire and cook slowly till the fruit is tender.

Crab Apple Jelly. — Put the apples left after straining off juice for jelly, and put them through a sieve. To the pounds of the sifted pulp, add two cups of sugar and boil twenty minutes, stirring constantly to keep it from burning. Flavor with cinnamon or lemon extract.

Plain Waffles. — One pint of sour milk, two eggs, whites beaten separately, two tablespoonsful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one pint of flour, and two-thirds teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling water put in the last thing before baking.

Lent and Butter Beans. — Shell into cold water; let them lie awhile; put into a pot with plenty of boiling water and a little salt, and cook fast until tender. Large ones sometimes require nearly an hour's boiling. The average time is forty minutes. Drain and butter well when dished, pepper to taste.

Sweet Apple Pickles. — Sweet apples (says an *Evening Post*) make delicious pickles. Peel and quarter them, boil them until tender in vinegar and water; to one quart of vinegar add two pounds of sugar; heat the vinegar, and dissolve the sugar in it; add cloves and cinnamon, and pour over the apples while hot.

Baked Apples. — Take large juicy ones. Pare them and remove the cores, leaving the apples whole. Place them in a deep, earthen dish, add to them one tablespoonful of water; put them in a oven and bake until perfectly soft and tender. A few moments before removing them from the oven, sprinkle them lightly with white sugar. They will then brown richly and have a delicious flavor. Serve hot or cold, according to taste.

Green Tomato Preserves. — To each pound of small green tomatoes add half a pound of sugar. First steam the fruit until the tough skin rolls up; let it cool sufficiently to remove the skins, then add the sugar and simmer slowly until clear; if lumps are desired, they should be sliced and added with the sugar, but extract can be added when the fruit is wanted for the table. Some lemons are too bitter to use. Seal tight in glass jars. Nice citron sauce is made in the same way; steam the fruit after cutting it in the desired shape until a straw will easily pierce it.

Grocery Corn Fritters or Cakes. — Grate the corn and allow an egg and a half for every cupful, with a teaspoonful of milk or cream. Beat the eggs well, add the corn by degrees, beating very hard; salt to taste; put a teaspoonful of melted butter to every pint of corn; stir in the milk, and thicken with just enough flour to hold them together — say a teaspoonful for every two eggs. You may fry in hot lard, as you would fritters; but a better plan is to cook upon a griddle, like batter cakes. Test a little first, to see that it is of the right consistency. Eat as dinner or breakfast, these always meet with a cordial welcome.

THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

"Prevention is better than cure and far cheaper," said John Locke, two hundred years ago; and the history of medical science has since made it more and more probable, that in a stricter sense of the word, prevention is the only possible cure. By observing the health laws of nature, a sound constitution can be very easily preserved; but if a violation of those laws has brought on a disease, all we can do by way of "curing" that disease is to remove the cause; in other words, to prevent the continued operation of the predisposing circumstances.

Supressing the symptoms in any other way means only to change the form of the disease, or to postpone its crisis. Thus, mercurial salves will cleanse the skin by driving the ulcers from the surface to the interior of the body; opiates stop a flux only by paralyzing the bowels; &c., turning their morbid activity into a morbid inactivity; the symptoms of pneumonia can be suppressed by bleeding the patient till the exhausted system has to postpone the crisis of the disease. This process, the "breaking up of a sickness," in the language of the old-school allopathists, is

therefore in reality only an interrupting of it, a temporary interruption of the symptoms. We might as well try to cure the sleepiness of a weary child by pinching its eyelids, or the hunger of a whining dog by compressing his throat.

Draughts are not wholly useless. If my life depended upon a job of work that had to be finished before morning, and the inclination to fall asleep was getting irresistible, I should not hesitate to defy nature, and keep myself awake with an extra cup of strong black coffee. If I were afflicted with a sore, spreading rash from my temple toward my nose, I should suppress it by the shortest process, even by deliberately producing a larger sore elsewhere, rather than let the disease continue to worry my eyesight.

There are two or three cases of disease which have (thus far) resisted all medicinal cures, and can hardly be trusted to the healing powers of nature — the *toux roncereuse*, scabies, and prurigo — because, as Claude Bernard suggests, their symptoms are probably due to the agency of microscopic parasites, which oppose to the action of the vital forces a life-energy of their own, or, as Dr. Jennings puts it, "because art has here to interfere — not for the purpose of breaking up diseased action, but for the removal of the cause of that action, the destruction of an active virus that possesses a self-propagating power beyond the dislodging power of nature."

But with those rare exceptions, it is better to direct our efforts against the cause rather than the symptoms; i. e., in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is not only the safer but also the shorter way to avoid drugs, reform our habits, and, for the rest, let nature have her course; for, properly speaking, disease itself is a reconstructive process, an explosive effort, whose interruption compels nature to do double work; to resume her operations against the ailment after expelling a worse enemy — the drug.

When a patient recovers, the true explanation is that his constitution was strong enough to overcome both the disease and the druggist. — *Dr. Felix L. Oswald*, in *Popular Science Monthly* for September.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The two sphinxes to be placed near the obelisk in London, are the largest bronze castings ever made, their weight being seven tons each. The lions at the base of the Nelson statue were cast in twenty-seven pieces, and are smaller than the sphinxes.

The smallest locomotive for practical use ever made has just been completed at Stafford, England. It has a three-inch cylinder, a thirteen-and-a-half-inch wheel, and is only thirty-one inches wide. It is of eighteen-inch gauge, and of three-horse power. It is to be used on some road in South America.

The stinging hairs of the nettle possess glands at their bases which secrete the poison of the plant. The slightest touch breaks the point, and the poison flows down into the skin. Under the microscope the contents of the hair are seen in constant motion, and streams of minute granules hurry here and there through the substance of the interior.

The statue of "Liberty" by Bartholdi, which, when finished, will be placed on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, is nearly completed. The head is finished, and the feet and drapery nearly so. The work is being done under the daily supervision of the architect.

The chromatoscope is an instrument for determining the sensibility of the retina to colored luminous impressions. The observer looks steadily at the central point of a disk, which has apertures. Colored surfaces are placed at a little distance from the other end of the disk. It is found that gradually the sensation of color is lost, and that, if white surfaces are substituted for the colored ones, the complementary colors will come out with great brightness and purity.

A writer in *Nature* is authority for the statement that small birds are unable to fly across the Mediterranean Sea a distance of 350 miles, are carried over on the backs of cranes. When the first cold weather comes, the cranes make a peculiar cry and fly up to the sky, the gathering of those already settled by being like him! Dear ministerial brethren, we hazard nothing, but ensure all things, by preaching and living with the utmost fidelity the Gospel by which all our people die well." — *J. W. Adams*.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD was born in Canada, N. H., Jan. 23, 1830, and died at the residence of Dr. J. H. Gilford, in Montville, Me., June 11, 1881.

Our aged brother had served several months in the war of 1812, but for many years he has been "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He was converted to God at the age of twenty-four, Dec. 15, 1815. In June, 1816, he was baptized in the Quebec river in Vermont, and united with the M. E. Church in 1817. In 1831 he removed to Maine, and settled on a farm in Palermo. He was a class-leader for thirty years in the class-meeting was held in his house for many years. He held an exhorter's license for forty years, and would often take a forty-mile trip to preach and was made much by a printer of the town. The name of the saints in light. Dear kindred, may you find comfort here and a sure hope of meeting him hereafter by being like him! Dear ministerial brethren, we hazard nothing, but ensure all things, by preaching and living with the utmost fidelity the Gospel by which all our people die well."

E. BURLINGHAM.

SARAH CAROLINE NEWHALL, wife of Mr. Eastis Newhall, of Lynn, Mass., was born in Yarmouth, Me., May 17, 1835, and died in Lynn, June 20, 1881.

She was the daughter of Capt. Rotheus and Lucy Drinkwater, and with four sisters and one brother shared in the tender affections and refinements of home, and for many years in the blessings of a mother's presence and love. She died having had always something to say about Jesus and heaven.

The last word that he uttered was "Jesus." He was married twice; his first wife died in 1817, his second for a long time resided West Lynn, where she died in 1862. Mr. Clifford and N. C. Clifford, of the Maine and East Maine Conferences; also four grandsons and one grandson-in-law joined the Central Congregational church in Lynn, Rev. A. H. Carr, pastor. This step was taken only after years of deliberation. For her it involved so much of actual outgoing character — the ideal of publicly-confessed membership in Christ's Church became to her so lofty and awe-inspiring, that she shrank from accepting her privilege. But when this step became a duty, it was taken with firmness and with unshaken devotion. Her last sickness was excruciating, yet was borne with a patience and fortitude quite superhuman. To her death was a welcome friend, ushering her from the pilgrimage of earth to the rests of heaven. To her the truths of our holy Christianity were not simply dogmas of an intellectual faith, they had become facts within her consciousness and matters of personal experience. God heard and answered her prayers.

For many years Sister Lakeman has been a faithful and devoted member of the M. E. Church in this place, and by a godly life and well-ordered conversation has won a large place among the people. Her life was marked as being of that character that told daily of the worth and beauty of the Christian religion which she professed, and in her last hours of earthly experience she testified that "it pays to serve Jesus." The church of which she was a member was very dear to her, and in her last moments she gave an exhibition of that love by bestowing a portion of her earthly substance for the support of the departed. A good and devoted Christian man has been removed from us. His record is on high.

DR. S. T. BIRMINGHAM, formerly of 63 Cambridge St., Boston, now at Barton, Vt., on Saturday evening, by the announcement of the sudden death of HENRY C. SANBORN, the veteran paper-carrier and collector of our city, at Barton, Vt., on Friday night.

Henry C. Sanborn was born in Sanbornton, Nov. 9, 1812, and consequently had nearly completed his 69th year.

He was brought in contact with all classes of people, and was much employed in dealing with them, that no one ever heard a censure bestowed upon him, or the faintest breath of suspicion of his faithful, honest, manly, noble, upright and Christian daily life.

He was an unpretentious man, but a good man every day in the year, whose light was not hid under a bushel. Mr. Sanborn joined the First Methodist Church in 1843, and was its treasurer for more than a quarter of a century. When the Baker Memorial Church was organized he became a relation with the First Church, and was one of the pillars of the new church to his death.

He had served as steward in the two churches longer than any other person. He joined the White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., in 1846, and was a worthy member of the order as well as one of its oldest members. The pulpit platform was occupied by Revs. Charles Parkhurst, L. C. Field, S. Holman, Rev. Dr. J. W. Merrill, and Rev. Dr. E. C. Cummings, all of whom he greatly admired.

The services began with singing the hymn commencing, "How blest the righteous when he dies," followed with Scripture selections by Rev. Charles

Parkhurst; prayer by Rev. J. W. Merrill; Dr. D. L. Singing of hymns, "Why should our team be slow?" Rev. Mr. Parkhurst delivered a short sermon, taking for his text, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,'" etc., in which he paid a fitting tribute to the character of the deceased, as a Christian man and useful citizen, giving something of his history in connection with the First and Baker Memorial Churches, and speaking of his relations in the Odd-fellows fraternity. Rev. Dr. Cummings followed with an earnest and touching tribute to the deceased, whom he had known for more than twenty years, speaking of his worth of cheer to others, of his true, honest, manly, Christian life, and loyalty to his religious denomination, and as a man whom everybody loved. — *Concord Monitor*.

Aug. 7, 1878, he was married to Miss Kate Gerrish, of Berwick, Me., a woman who, by reason of her rare good sense, culture, amiability and piety, was worthy of him. She, with their first-born, Agnes May, survives him, and should share in the sympathies and prayers of God's people.

Brother Caswell was a man of fine literary taste and an able, original preacher. All classes esteemed him for his social qualities, and honored him for his uniform and unaffected piety.

W. Willie was born in the M. E. Church, and a really neat little fellow who wanted to be a well-dressed boy but who was not afraid to die. He told his parents several days before death that he was going to be with Jesus. Twelve hours before his death he saw the angels and called joyously to a playmate who had preceded him in death. He called his friends to see the angels, and foretold their return at six o'clock, and again at twelve o'clock, at which time he went joyfully with them home. As he had not a morbid religious imagination, and as he had never fed his mind on Puritanical books and as his mind did not appear to be in full health, distinguished clearly his earthly from his heavenly friends, his vision seems best accounted for by his soul actually seeing a few steps ahead, as it reached the heavenly portal.

J. W. B.

Died, at Auburndale, Tuesday night,

Aug. 16, WILLIE FRANCIS, only son of Francis H. and Hattie A. Pluta, aged 10 years, 10 months, and 11 days.

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THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, August 31.

The President continues to improve. The Sound steamer City of New York struck a stomp on Sunday evening, and was beached to prevent sinking. The passengers were saved.

Two naval officers, while experimenting with torpedoes at Newport, yesterday, were blown to atoms by a premature explosion.

Terrible fires have occurred in the work, it is believed, of the Arabs.

The "Rose Standish" burst her cylinder head yesterday in the harbor; no one injured.

A hurricane at Port Royal, S. C., on Saturday, destroyed a great amount of property, and caused the death of about forty persons by the carrying away of a ferry-house. It also swept over Savannah, Ga., wrecking and unroofing many buildings and causing many deaths.

Wednesday, August 31.

It is estimated that over one hundred lives were lost in the vicinity of Savannah alone during the recent tempest.

Nine persons were badly injured at New Haven, yesterday, by an explosion in the loading room of the Winchester Arms Company.

The steamer City of Richmond, of the Portland and Mount Deser route, ran ashore on Mount Island, Penobscot Bay, yesterday, and will probably prove an entire loss. The passengers were safely landed.

The President is still slowly improving.

Thursday, September 1.

The island of Hilo, Sandwich Islands, is in danger of being overwhelmed by the lava from the volcano of Mauna Loa.

Twenty-one missionaries were given a fare-well reception in Park Street Church yesterday afternoon.

The Union Mail steamer Teuton, from England, has been wrecked near Quoit Point, on the coast of Africa; one hundred and seventy-three persons perished.

Hon. William Allen, of Northampton, was yesterday confirmed as Judge Holt's successor on the Supreme bench.

Capt. Howgate is now believed to have stolen half a million of dollars, and is supposed to have fled to Canada.

The President's condition shows decided improvement.

Friday, September 2.

There was a reduction of over fourteen millions in the public debt in August.

The New England Sunday-school Assembly at Framingham closed yesterday after a ten days' session.

A fire in Cheapside and Bread Street, London, yesterday, destroyed about one million dollars' worth of property.

General Butler's young son died yesterday at Bay View, aged 26 years.

Boston has 99,688 polls, an increase of nearly six thousand over last year.

The President holds his own, and there has been recurrence of unfavorable symptoms.

Saturday, September 3.

It is hoped that the President can be removed to Long Branch within ten days.

The drought in Virginia is very serious, threatening the destruction of the crops.

The Chicago bank clearings yesterday reached \$30,000,000, the largest day's business yet recorded in that city.

Ex-Congressman Hendrick B. Wright died at Westerly, Pa., yesterday.

Monday, September 5.

Gen. Carr and his command, numbering 110 men and seven officers, are reported to have been massacred by the Apaches in Arizona.

It is now estimated that 226 lives were lost by the foundering of the Teuton off the Cape of Good Hope.

Drs. Bliss, Hamilton and Agnew are to go with the President to Long Branch.

Lorenzo Delmonico, the famous New York caterer, died on Saturday afternoon, aged 80 years.

STERLING CAMP-MEETING.

Again have the hosts of Israel made their annual pilgrimage to the old battle-ground at Sterling Junction. For weeks preceding the 22d of August, the woods had resounded to the songs of praise and shouts of joy from hundreds of tenters in the old grove. Cotage room had been eagerly sought for, and was at quite a premium. But very few of the one hundred and twenty-five cottages on the ground were empty during the past four weeks, while during the meeting over forty society tents were occupied. With the Lord on our side, splendid weather all the week, Israel's sweet singers, Amasa Davis, and our beloved presiding elder C. S. Rogers at the helm, what more could be asked to secure a good meeting?

Some improvements have been made on the grounds, and more are promised for the ensuing year in the form of concrete walks and the grading of the space within the circle of the tents. The most radical change made has been effected by the hard pushing of Brother Rogers and the active co-operation of the ladies of the societies, in the renovation of the preachers' house. Just think of it, brethren! Curtains at the windows, thirteen single beds with mattresses, comfortable, white sheets, pillows, pil-

low-cases, spreads, wash-bowls, pitchers, glasses, towels, the old timbers covered with fancy-colored shelf paper—can you imagine the change? Then downstairs all the old rubbish gone, and the room to be fitted up for business. Eternal thanks to Brother Rogers and the ladies! How did we endure such a place so long?

The usual six o'clock meeting was held at the stand, under the lead of Brother W. A. A. Gardner, and was one of the meetings of the week. Though there was a very strong feeling on the part of a large number of the ministers and laity against holding this meeting at the same time of the S. S. Assembly at South Framingham, still the brethren stood to their post and did their duty well. It is claimed by the trustees that for twenty-nine years the last week in August has been the time for this meeting; and, knowing this fact, the management of the S. S. Assembly put their meeting on our old established time. Who ought to give up?

The altar work was well kept up, the tent meetings were good, the preaching was grand—many said "never better"—and the meeting was a great success. The preaching was by the following brethren in the order given, commencing Monday evening and ending Friday afternoon: C. H. Hanaford, W. Full, G. S. Butters, N. B. Fisk, J. A. Cass, B. P. Raymond, W. Gordon, J. H. Twombly, L. R. Thayer, N. Fellows, E. R. Thorndike, W. P. Ray. Friday evening short addresses were made by Brothers Hanaford, Herrick, Ray, Gordon, and the presiding elder; thus making the service one of the most pointed, practical, and, it is to be hoped, one of the most profitable of the whole week. Surely, if the advice of Elder Rogers were carefully and prayerfully followed, this part of the State would be alive with revival influences. God speed the day!

At this Friday evening service the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, we have heard of the great affliction of our brother, C. W. Wilder, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the pastors and presiding assembly at the Friday evening services on Sterling camp-ground, do hereby extend our deepest sympathy to our afflicted brother and his family; and we pray that Almighty God, whose servant he is, will confer on him grace sufficient for his need, and, if it may consistently be, restore him to his accustomed health and to the work to which he has been divinely called.

2. That we request our presiding elder to communicate this expression of our condolence to our brother and his family.

And we not only sent our brother "prayers," but also "potatoes," in the shape of a purse of \$53.

And thus has closed another camping-meeting. What are the results? We will not trust to figures; God knows every one. Suffice it to say, we humbly believe souls were saved, backsliders reclaimed, believers quickened and sanctified. Glory be to God that, despite the croakers, the old Methodist power, still slays and makes alive. But, brethren, are we measuring up to all its power? God help us to be Christians to be pure Methodist Christians!

J. A. Day, Sec.

Any of our readers, who contemplate a visit to the White Mountains, will please notice the advertisement of the Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mountain railroad. Excursion tickets are offered at reduced rates.

DRUNKENNESS.—Those who have told us that Hood's Sarsaparilla surpasses any proprietary article upon the market, Even to our inexperienced eye we see positive indications of the truth of the foregoing. A glance at the article shows the scrupulous neatness and care with which the detail of its manufacture and putting up must be conducted. These are important in the best of medicines, but in the manipulations of remedies for the relief of human suffering they become of supreme importance, and only such medicines are worthy public confidence.

AMONG OUR NEW ADVERTISEMENTS MAY BE FOUND ONE OF THE NEW YORK WEEKLY EXPRESS. THIS IS ONE OF THE OLDEST OF THE NEW YORK PAPERS, AND EVEN IN ITS OLD AGE INDICATES THE SPRINTHLESS AND VIGOR OF YOUTH. SPECIAL LITERARY ATTRACTIONS ARE PROMISED FOR THE YEAR TO COME.

PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—WE CHERFULLY CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENT W. E. MARSHALL, AND OFFERED IN THE ADVERTISEMENT OF OSCAR MARSHALL, PUBLISHER. MR. MARSHALL, ARTIST IS WELL KNOWN BY HIS FINE WORKS, THE CELEBRATED PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN. AND TO OUR READERS WHO WANT A FINE PORTRAIT, WE WOULD COMMEND THESE WORKS AS OF GREAT MERIT AND BY PROBABLY THE GREATEST ARTIST IN LINEAL PORTRAITURE.

THE RECENT STRIKE OF A TEN FOOT VEN OF CARBONATES IN THE MINER BOY MINE OF LEADVILLE AFFORDS ANOTHER PROOF OF WHAT PERSISTENT WORK AND PERSEVERANCE WILL ACCOMPLISH.

MR. MCLEOD, THE PRESIDENT OF THE MINER BOY MINING COMPANY, UNDER WHOM MANAGEMENT THE PROPERTY HAS BEEN DEVELOPED UP TO THE PRESENT DATE, HAS MADE A GREAT PROGRESS. HIS CONDITION, HAVING BEEN QUITE, BUT VIGOROUSLY, IN THE FACE OF MANY OBSTACLES, AND TO-DAY BOTH HIS JUDGMENT AND PERSEVERANCE ARE FULLY VINDICATED AS SHOWN BY THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM FROM THE LEADVILLE CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, WHO, UNDERTAKING THE PRACTICE OF CARBONATES, AT THE END OF AUGUST 17TH, SAID, "ON THE SOUTH LEVEL NO. 2 SHAFT OF THE MINER BOY MINE, A LARGE VEIN OF CARBONATES, AT LEAST TEN FEET THICK, HAS BEEN STRUCK; THE MILL IS RUNNING AS USUAL, AND SHIPMENTS FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE MINE CONTINUE AS HERETOFORE." WHILE HE UNDERSTOOD THAT THIS STRIKE OF CARBONATES WAS A GREAT DISCOVERY, AND IN ADDITION TO THE GREAT AND RICH GOLD VEN, WHICH WAS ALREADY OPENED, AND FROM WHICH DAILY ORE SHIPMENTS ARE MADE, IT WOULD PROVE THIS THE GREATEST MINE YET DISCOVERED IN LEADVILLE. NOT ONLY HAS IT THE LARGE CARBONATE DEPOSIT CHARACTERISTIC OF THE LEADVILLE DISTRICT, BUT ITS GREAT THICK GOLD VEN IS SIMILAR TO THE COMSTOCK BONANZA BESIDES, AND LIKE IT, PROMISING IMMENSE YIELDS FOR AN UNTOUCHED TELL. STOCK LISTED ON BOTH NEW YORK BOARDS. OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, 63 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—AMERICAN EXCHANGE, AUGUST 20.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTRACTI

ONS OFFERED BY THE NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS' AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, AT THEIR NEW BUILDING, ON HUNTINGTON AVENUE.

THIS GRAND EXHIBITION IS CONTRIBUTED TO BY OVER ONE THOUSAND EXHIBITORS, FROM ALL PARTS OF NEW ENGLAND, COMPRISING NEARLY EVERY BRANCH OF MANUFACTURES, MANY OF THEM IN ACTIVE OPERATION, SHOWING METHODS OF MAKING BOOTS AND SHOES BY MACHINERY, POTTERY, GLASS MANUFACTORY, LOOMS FOR WEAVING, ETC., ETC.; ALL CLASSES OF SEWING MACHINES, ARTISTIC WORK OF ALL KINDS. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE IN ALL TEN ACRES OF SHOPS AND FACTORIES. AT NIGHT THIS EXHIBITION IS LIGHTED BY THIRTY ELECTRIC LIGHTS, AND THREE THOUSAND GAS BURNERS. HORSE-CARS, FROM ALL RAILROADS, MAKE CONNECTIONS DIRECT WITH THE EXHIBITION. EXCURSIONS WILL BE ARRANGED FOR FROM ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS IN NEW ENGLAND, AND THE TOTAL ATTENDANCE IS ESTIMATED AT NOT LESS THAN A HALF A MILLION.

STERLING CAMP-MEETING.

AGAIN HAVE THE HOSTS OF ISRAEL MADE THEIR ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND AT STERLING JUNCTION. FOR WEEKS PRECEDING THE 22D OF AUGUST, THE WOODS HAD RESOUNDED TO THE SONGS OF PRAISE AND SHOUTS OF JOY FROM HUNDREDS OF TENTER IN THE OLD GROVE. COTAGE ROOM HAD BEEN EAGERLY SOUGHT FOR, AND WAS AT QUITE A PREMIUM. BUT VERY FEW OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE COTTAGES ON THE GROUND WERE EMPTY DURING THE PAST FOUR WEEKS, WHILE DURING THE MEETING OVER FORTY SOCIETY TENTS WERE OCCUPIED. WITH THE LORD ON OUR SIDE, SPLendid WEATHER ALL THE WEEK, ISRAEL'S SWEET SINGERS, AMASA DAVIS, AND OUR BELOVED PRESIDING ELDER C. S. ROGERS AT THE HELM, WHAT MORE COULD BE ASKED TO SECURE A GOOD MEETING?

SOME IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE ON THE GROUNDS, AND MORE ARE PROMISED FOR THE ENSUING YEAR IN THE FORM OF CONCRETE WALKS AND THE GRADING OF THE SPACE WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF THE TENTS. THE MOST RADICAL CHANGE MADE HAS BEEN EFFECTED BY THE HARD PUSHING OF BROTHER ROGERS AND THE ACTIVE CO-OPERATION OF THE LADIES OF THE SOCIETIES, IN THE RENOVATION OF THE PREACHERS' HOUSE. JUST THINK OF IT, BRETHREN! CURTAINS AT THE WINDOWS, THIRTEEN SINGLE BEDS WITH MATTRESSES, COMFORTABLE, WHITE SHEETS, PILLOWS, PIL-

WE CHALLENGE

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